

The World.

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Free Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.
 Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada:
 One Year, \$2.50
 One Month, .25
 For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union:
 One Year, \$3.50
 One Month, .35

VOLUME 49, NO. 17,285.

STANDING FOR THE REPUBLIC.

The Debs party and the Hearst party, both intensely hostile to Democrats, have certain ideas in common. The Hearst party retains some Democratic principles, but its distinguishing demands are anti-Democratic. It is a recruiting office for Socialism. The Debs party is radically socialistic. It is built upon class consciousness, which is another name for class hatred. These two parties, ostensibly opposed to each other, are in reality going in the same direction. Whatever differences exist in their theoretical aims, in the realm of practical politics they have exactly the same inspiration, which is an eager and almost a fanatical hope for the destruction of the Democratic party.

The avowed purpose of Socialism is the "collective control of the productive and distributive forces of society in the interest of the workers." Few Socialists agree upon any plan for the introduction of this system, which, of course, would be fatal to private property rights, but this year the Debs party platform candidly demands the collective ownership of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, steamship lines, all land, all industries organized on a national basis, and all mines, quarries, oil wells, forests and water power. This would be a pretty fair start toward a co-operative commonwealth to be ruled ultimately by a big socialistic boss with a crown on his head or a sword in his hand.

The avowed purpose of Hearstism is to reform the old parties, but in its platform this year it calls for the "public ownership of all public utilities, including railroads," and it favors specifically government ownership of the telegraphs. It wants a parcels post, postal banks and a great central national bank. Furthermore, it has so little faith in the representative principle that it demands the initiative and referendum and the recall, words lightly uttered but involving in their application the revolutionizing, if not the Venezuelizing, of our Government.

Nothing but the Democratic party stands between these two kindred parties and the opportunity that they seek. If the Democratic party should be destroyed Hearst and Debs would be found in partnership at once, and our political contests thereafter would be hideous orgies of class against class, the poor against the rich, the laborer against the capitalist, the proletariat against the plutocrat. The Democratic party is not all that it should be, but, standing for the Republic between these fierce foes of constitutional freedom, justice and progress, it has a high mission deserving encouragement and support.

CRUSADES AGAINST BUSINESS.

In the course of his remarks at New Haven Mr. Taft said: "What we need is a restoration of confidence and the strict enforcement of the laws, but no crusades against business." A good many people have wondered how the great financial and industrial interests which fear Roosevelt can be such cordial supporters of Taft, who rarely loses an opportunity to assert that if elected he will carry out the Roosevelt policies. The explanation offered in most cases has been that temperamentally Roosevelt and Taft are wholly different, and that the violent Roosevelt policies in the keeping of the big hair apparent would hardly be recognizable. It is evident, however, that when the candidate begins to talk openly about making no crusades against business he is giving the men in the market place something more substantial than a surmise upon which to stand.

A CRIB AND A BOX.

"You have got to have a crib for every child that is born into the world and a box for it when it goes out," was the fine remark of the head of the Lumber Trust as he concluded an argument before a Congressional committee at St. Paul in favor of reforestation. It is noteworthy that all of the lumber barons are enthusiastically in favor of reforestation—at the expense of somebody else. As it takes about 200 years to grow a pine forest, they do not expect to be here to cut it, but their descendants, no doubt, will be prepared to take all such tracts from the Government at the regular rate of \$1.25 an acre. If compulsory reforestation had accompanied the grants of timber lands in the past there would now be no danger of a lumber famine and there would be fewer swollen millionaires of the sawmill variety.

THE COLLAR QUESTION.

One of the first signs of advancing years in men is the desire to have an easy and ample collar. Our humorists have dwelt on this subject in many phases, but that it is no joke is shown by the fact that during the past week two men living in the vicinity of New York have died of apoplexy when attempting to button tight collars. While the youth may choke himself if he will in order to be smart looking, let the average man of forty and upward beware. High collars and tight collars are not for him unless he chances to have a neck like an ostrich.

Letters From the People.

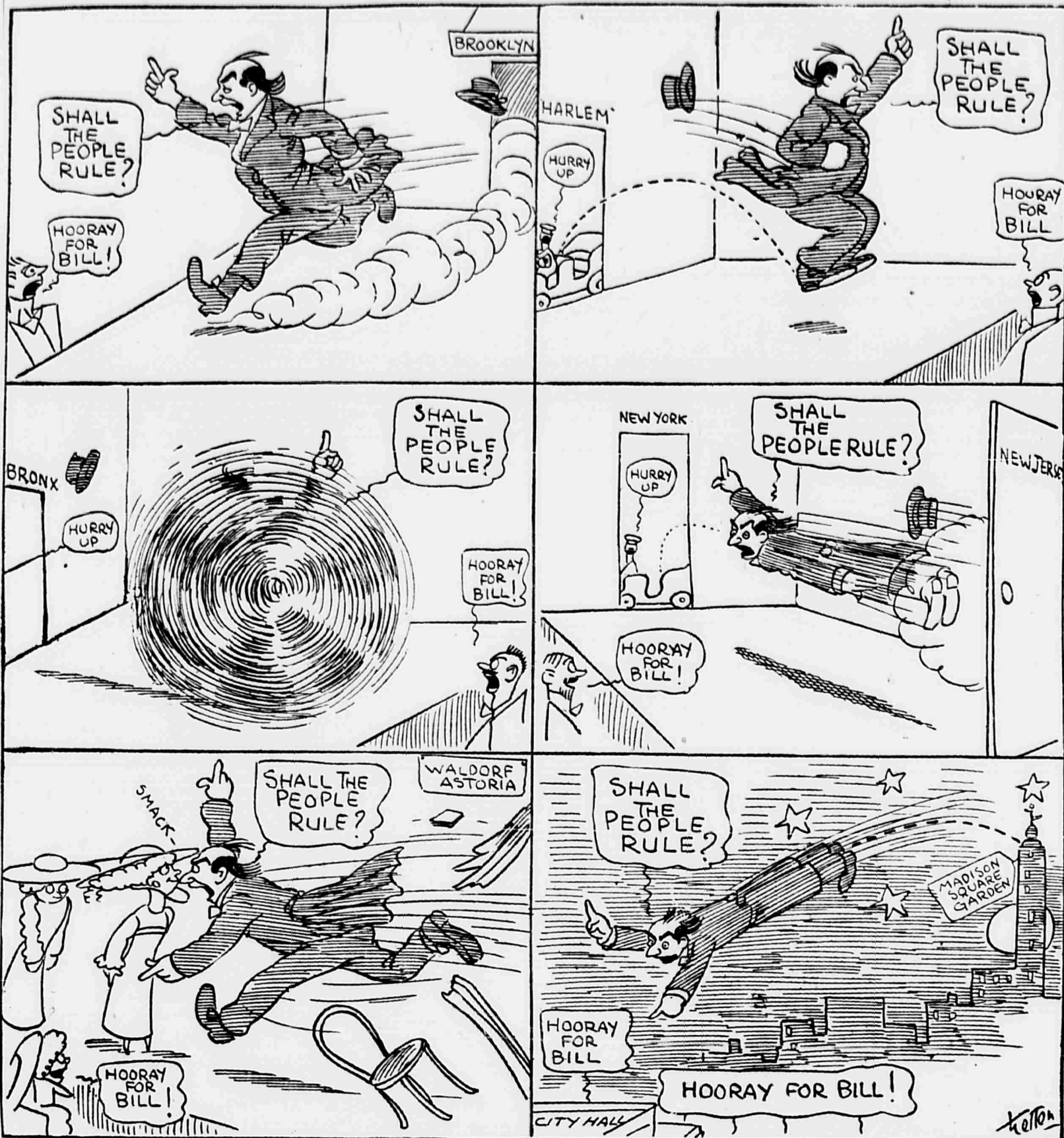
A "Jaw-Breaker."
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I read a letter about the "longest word." I am sending you the name of one of the small towns in North Wales, England. It has sixty letters, and is said to be all one word. Here it is: "Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogoch." It is known all over Great Britain as "The Englishman's cure for lockjaw." I. S. E.
 Staten Island.

Study of the Stars.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Referring to a letter requesting an explanation of the star which has appeared in the east recently in the early morning hours, there is no occasion for excitement. It was nothing more unusual than the planet Venus, in conjunction with Jupiter, which latter appears to be much the smaller of the two because of its vastly greater distance from the earth. These two planets may still be seen every clear night at the hour mentioned, and they may be found in some quarter of the heavens regularly every year. Your reader's surprise should be not at seeing them for the first time, but rather at the fact that they had not become known and admired years ago. A little less attention to everyday trifles and a very little study of religion's eternal demonstration in the firmament would not harm and one—CAPELLA.

Ten Hours.
 To the Editor of The Evening World:
 A friend of mine and I had an argument as to how long a boy, fourteen years old, should sleep. I said eight hours and my friend said ten. Which is right?
 Ten hours sleep is better for a boy of that age than eight.
 A. F.

The Whirlwind Finish.

By Maurice Ketten.



Hurrah for Mr. Jarr! He Has Discovered the Wondrous Lost Art of Making Children Enjoy the Sort of Food That Is Good for Them.

By Roy L. McCardell.



As the family were going into the dining room, Mrs. Jarr nudged Mr. Jarr and beckoned him aside.
 "Now remember," she said, "there's rice pudding for dessert."
 "I thank you for the warning," said Mr. Jarr, "but you know I never eat it."
 "That's just it," said Mrs. Jarr, "you don't eat it and the children follow your example. Rice pudding is the most healthful of all desserts. The doctor will tell you that. But when the children see you won't eat it they won't touch it, either."
 "Then I'm to be martyred for the sake of our little ones?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Why is it put up to me?"
 "I want them to eat it," said Mrs. Jarr. "It's very disagreeable for the servant girl to make dessert—and she makes lovely rice pudding—when the children won't touch it. And, then, think of the waste of milk and eggs and sugar! They have got to eat it, that's all!"
 "Why don't you make them eat it, then?" asked Mr. Jarr.
 "Don't I try?" replied the good lady. "I tell them how good it is for them, how it will make them strong and healthy, but it doesn't do any good."
 "You go about wrong," said Mr. Jarr, "that's the very thing NOT to tell them. You leave it to me. I'll say it is not good for them, I'll say it is unhealthy and people have been known to die right after eating it, then watch how the children go for it!"
 "But that's deceiving them," faltered Mrs. Jarr.
 "A bad means to a good end," said Mr. Jarr, "and then think of their health and the eggs and sugar and milk that will be wasted if it is not eaten."
 "Well, so they eat it," said Mrs. Jarr. "And you must eat it, too. It's because you don't touch rice pudding that has made the children refuse it. You must eat it, too."
 "It's insipid. I don't like it," said Mr. Jarr.
 But Mrs. Jarr did not answer him except to say, "Now, remember!" and soon the Jarr family was at the supper table.
 The meal passed off with the usual restraints to the children to behave themselves, to stop giggling, not to throw things at each other, to pick their knives and forks from the floor, to be careful of the table cloth, to stop kicking the table legs—and all the other pleasant interferences with normal children at the indoor sport of family meals.

"Now," said Mrs. Jarr, as if breaking joyful news, as the girl brought in the pudding, "now, children, here's a treat for you. Rice pudding!"
 Immediately the little boy began to kick the table legs and protest, and the little girl exclaimed: "I don't want rice pudding! I want ice cream!"
 "Maw, do I have to eat rice pudding? I don't want rice pudding! I don't like rice pudding!" bawled the boy.
 "I'm surprised at you," said Mr. Jarr, regarding his wife with affronted sternness. "Rice pudding! It isn't fit for the children to eat! It will make them sick. What do the Chinese eat? Rice pudding! What do they die of? Of the cholera! Yes, of the Asiatic cholera! And rice pudding is the cause of it!"
 The children began to sit up and take notice.
 "A terrible mistake is made in giving children of America rice pudding," continued Mr. Jarr. "The climate of this country makes rice puddings a deadly thing!"
 "Gimme more, maw!" cried the little boy. "You are giving Emma twice as much as me!"
 "I can eat mine before you eat yours. Willie!" piped the little girl.
 "Huh! Bet you I die before anybody else!" continued Mr. Jarr. "Die before morning, all from eating rice pudding! What would you think then, Mrs. Jarr?"
 "Can I have another plate, maw?" cried the little boy, piling in the pudding.
 "Huh! Bet you I die before anybody else!" continued Mr. Jarr. "Die before morning, all from eating rice pudding! What would you think then, Mrs. Jarr?"
 "I'm going to die here at the table!" cried the little girl. "Write in the dining room, like a cat wif fits!"
 "Stop that unpleasant talk!" cried Mrs. Jarr sharply. "Papa, I'm ashamed of you! Here's your rice pudding. It won't hurt anybody!"
 "Not for me," said Mr. Jarr solemnly. "You and the children may risk your lives, but I wouldn't touch it for the world!"
 "Ain't there any more left, maw?" asked the little boy. "Can't I have papa's then?"
 But the little girl had it first, and when Mr. Jarr left the table both children were being punished for fighting over it.

Mombasa as a Port of Call.

THE completion of the Uganda Railroad from Mombasa to Fort Florence, on Lake Victoria, 580 miles, suddenly brought Mombasa into prominence as one of the future mainland ports of East Africa, and this has been enhanced from year to year, until now Mombasa is a port of call for all the regular steamship lines maintaining communication with Europe.

Fifty American Soldiers of Fortune

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 4—FRANCISCO PIZARRO.

THIS is the story of a man whose real career did not begin until he was nearly fifty; a man who until then had always been looked upon as a stupid plodder; a mere obeyer of orders.

The "plodder" was Francisco Pizarro, a Spaniard, who in youth was first a swineherd and then a private soldier. He was a distant cousin of Cortez, but wholly lacked the Mexican conqueror's polish and good looks. To the end of his days Pizarro remained a rough, unpolished man-at-arms, and was too stupid to learn to read or write.

Unable to make a living at home, Pizarro drifted to the West Indies, where he won the reputation of being an efficient, if thick-headed, soldier. He went with Balboa, as lieutenant, on the perilous march that discovered the Pacific, and served the luckless discoverer faithfully. Yet, later, he willingly obeyed official orders to arrest Balboa and to stand guard at the latter's unjust execution. Pizarro had heard Indian chiefs tell Balboa of a wondrous land to the far south, where gold and silver were as common as iron. Balboa had longed to explore that country, but was belated before he could do so. Pizarro never forgot the plan. Later, he told the story to another soldier named Almagro and to Hernando Luques, a priest. The three put their savings into the fitting out of a little expedition, won the local Spanish Governor's consent to the trip, and in 1521 the forty-eight-year-old Pizarro started southward from Panama to find the treasure country of Peru.

He had only eighty men. Most of these were the off-scourings of the West Indies, and were only kept from mutiny by their leader's brutal courage. They discovered Peru, verified the tales of its wealth, but so cruelly treated the hospitable inhabitants that the handful of Spaniards were driven away by force.

With difficulty a second expedition was arranged. This fared so badly that the Spanish Governor sent messengers to order Pizarro back to Panama. Pizarro refused to go. He drew a line in the sand with his sword and asked all those who would stay in Peru with him to cross that line; only thirteen hardy adventurers crossed it.

By pretending he had come to convert the natives he received from the Peruvians rich presents in gold and silver. Using this treasure as a bait, he went in person to Spain to persuade the Emperor, Charles V., to overrule the Governor and sanction further discoveries. In landing in Spain he was arrested for debt. He obtained his freedom and appealed to the Emperor for aid, but his wife and his insane mother arranged the matter to Pizarro's satisfaction. Thus, to the whim of two women—one of them crazy—Peru's conquest is due. Back to America hastened Pizarro, carrying the desired permit. With about 300 men he once more entered Peru, and marched toward its capital. The Peruvian Inca (Emperor) suspected his intentions and sought to destroy the little Spanish forces. Pizarro learned of the plot, and forestalled it by capturing the Inca. The latter agreed to buy his release at cost of a huge roomful of gold—about \$10,000 worth, in all. Having seized this ransom, Pizarro treacherously ordered the Inca put to death, then marched on to the ancient city of Cuzco, where, partly by force, partly by pretending to be the friend of the new Inca, Manco, he extended his power until Peru was practically a Spanish province. Pizarro then took the city of Lima.

Silver was so common that the soldiers used it for horseshoes and to patch up their broken armor. Huge plates of pure gold were used by the natives, instead of iron, for covering temple roofs and walls. Royal drinking cups were cut from solid emeralds. The Peruvians had never seen a horse until Pizarro's cavalrymen rode among them. When first they beheld a rider dismount they thought the strange double animal was breaking in two.

Pizarro, as Spanish Governor of the treasure country, continued to crush out the last sparks of resistance among the people he had conquered. So cruel and so treacherous was he toward these oppressed natives that his best lieutenant, Fernando de Soto, left his service in disgust. We shall hear more of De Soto later.

Now that Peru was conquered, fresh trouble broke out. Almagro, Pizarro's partner, claimed (with truth) that he had been cheated out of his rightful share of power and plunder. He and his followers, failing to receive justice, took up arms against Pizarro. Almagro was defeated and made prisoner. Then after a farcical trial, he was put to death, and his followers were robbed of all their possessions.

Pizarro was now undisputed master of Peru. He was sixty-five years old and was growing tired of endless warfare. With the title of Marquis, and possessed of boundless wealth, he prepared to settle down to a life of ease in Lima. But Almagro's young son, backed by some of his father's former comrades, conspired against him. They planned to assassinate Pizarro on the way to church on Sunday, June 26, 1541. As Pizarro did not chance to go to church that day, twenty-one of the conspirators forced their way into his house and attacked him as he sat at dinner. The soldier of fortune defended himself heroically against his foes, killing a score of them, but by sheer force of numbers the assassins bore him to the ground and mortally wounded him. Dropping his sword, the dying man dipped a finger in his own blood, traced with it the sign of the cross on the stone floor, kissed the holy symbol—and then back dead.

Missing numbers of this series will be supplied upon application to Circulation Department, Evening World, upon receipt of one-cent stamp.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon.

(Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.)

Translated by

Helen Rowland.



VERILY, verily, my Daughter, seek not to marry thine ideal! For an ideal husband, to be an ideal once he becometh a husband, and even a genius developeth embonpoint and a bald head, and sleepeth with his mouth open.

Yes, a poet's soft voice on a summer afternoon soundeth not like the click of his typewriter on a winter morning, and an actor's flights of temperament in his "Romeo" scene are not as his flights of temper in a scene at the breakfast table.

Better by far a husband who can mend a broken bed-spring than one who can play Mendelssohn's Spring Song, and one who can stop the faucet that leaketh than one who can write a sonnet.

Yes, better a door-mat upon which thou canst wipe thy feet than a tin god on a throne that giveth thee a crick in the neck with looking upward. And the husband who parteth his hair and getteth his neckties to please thee, who doeth his smoking in the kitchen and spendeth his evenings by the fire, though he be not a thing of beauty, yet is he a joy forever.

Let her that marryeth a "lion" prepare her ears for his roaring, but she that marryeth a lamb walketh in the ways of peace, and her days are made pleasant with imported downs and presents at Christmas-time.

For when a genius taketh a wife he taketh her for granted, but when the man that eateth with his knife and useth two negatives seeketh a spouse he seeketh a "treasure."

Therefore, I charge thee, place not thy husband upon a pedestal, O my Daughter, lest he come down with a crash! Selah!

The Newlyweds and Their Baby

By George McManus

